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THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE. A TRUE STORY.

[Concluded.]

MR. SPENCER had been much surprized at not receiving any answers to several letters he had written to Miss Morton; he had indeed once or twice heard from Mrs. Tyrrel, that Lydia was well, but thought it strange that the young lady, who had always shewn a great attachment to him should refuse an answer. His son George Spencer had been three years at the university, and was just gone to study in the Temple in London, as his father's choice and his own inclination had led him to the Bar. To him, Mr. Spencer had written, directing him to wait on Mrs. Tyrrel at the place to where her letters were addressed. His surprize encreased, and even gave ground to some suspicions, when his son informed him that she had never been in London, and the gentleman where he enquired had told him Mrs. Tyrrel and her family were in the north of England; and that he only received and forwarded letters to her; but refused to tell him where she was, as he was particularly requested not to mention the place of their residence. On the receipt of this puzzling intelligence he applied to old Webb, as he knew he, received the rents of the estate, transacting business for Mrs. Tyrrel, and sent her remittances. The crafty attorney said truly he could not tell where she was; he got constant answers by sending his letters to the same address that Mr. Spencer did; and if Mrs. Tyrrel was out of London and chose to keep her residence a secret, it was none of his business, he never enquired after it. This answer added to Mr. Spencer's inquietude, and he directed his son to spare no pains or expence to fathom this mystery. Young Spencer accordingly got acquainted with a clerk to the merchant through whom the correspondence between Mr. Webb and his client was carried on; and by dint of money learn'd that his master had made a purchase in Mrs. Tyrrel's name of a small estate in Cumberland: and in a few days actually shewed him a letter he was carrying to the post office directed—Mrs. Tyrrel at Copeland lodge, Egremont, Cumberland. Mr. Spencer copied the direction and transmitted it to his father.

Mr. Spencer replied to his son, that from a very unexpected occurrences having taken place he desired, he would immediately quit all business or other concern and proceed to Copeland lodge, that he would not go to the house, but procure all the intelligence he could in the neighbourhood, without saying who he was; and then go directly to Whitehaven and wait his coming to meet him.

Young Mr. Spencer in obedience to his father's direction, and indeed in compliance with the feelings of his own heart, came down to Copeland Forest with the utmost expedition, and arrived on the evening of that very Sunday Lydia had made her escape. He entered a small road inn near to Mrs. Tyrrel's house, and began to make his enquiries. The host told him the

family of the Tyrrel's resided at the lodge, and Miss Morton had been very much indisposed for some time past. He believed she might have been in love, for she was grown better, perhaps upon all things being settled; as he had heard at Ennordale church that morning, the banns of marriage published between her and young squire Tyrrel. He added, he was somewhat surprized to hear this, for as they were rich enough to pay for a license, why would they be asked in the church? Whilst they were talking, several of the peasantry came in to take their Sunday-night's pot, and they were all full of the enquiries that had been making through the neighbourhood after Miss Morton, who they said had been missing since nine in the morning; that squire Tyrrel was going to set off at day break to-morrow to London to look for her, and that several country people were to go to the neighbouring towns. The host asked some of the country men who had seen her in the morning how she was dressed; and when he was told, he exclaimed, I'll be hang'd then, if it was not she I saw as I was coming out of church. I thought I knew her, but as her hat was over her face that I could not see it; and as she took the Whitehaven road, whilst Mrs. Tyrrel's coach struck off towards Calder-Abbey, I thought I might be mistaken, but as sure as a gun it was she.

Mr. Spencer listened attentively to this discourse, he could not think the banns had been published with Miss Morton's consent; for her quitting the lodge fully proved she had no inclination for Mr. Tyrrel. He was convinced she was gone to Whitehaven, and as he could gain no farther intelligence, he resolved to go thither next day. Some of the peasants who came from that town declared they had not met her on the road, (which indeed they could not, as she had taken by mistake, the road from Ennordale to Egremont) yet he doubted not but he should find her as well as meet his father there. As it was then pretty late, and travelling might be difficult in the night, he resolved to take the earliest hour of the morning, when he mounted and rode off.

The other person who was in search of Miss Morton, was the son of old Webb, the attorney. He set out from Dublin and had arrived the day before at Whitehaven; and as he well knew the residence of Mrs. Tyrrel, was not under the necessity of losing any time in enquiries but was proceeding straight to Copeland lodge. The subject of his embassy was to endeavor to gain Miss Morton's consent to marry him. Old Webb had learned from Mrs. Tyrrel that her son could make no impression on Miss Lydia's affections. Hence it came into his head that if young Webb could pass a few days at Mrs. Tyrrel's, he might sily fortify Miss in her disinclination for Charles Tyrrel, and insinuate himself into her good graces, in which case he might bring her over to Ireland and marry her. He had hopes for success as young Webb was really of an agreeable person, and was a lieutenant in the army, of a tolerably bold address: and if he could prevail on the young lady he troubled his head

very little about the consent of the old one, as he was too deep in some of her schemes, to be in any fear of her. He knew the extent of Lydia's fortune, for the papers had gone through his hands; and thought it was worth some risque and trouble to make it centre in his family.

The wind being favorable to come to Whitehaven, young Webb had landed on Sunday afternoon, and not being used to the sea, had been much affected by a passage, that though neither long nor dangerous, was yet too rough for a young macaroni. He resolved to stay the next day to recover himself, before he proceeded to Copeland lodge; and had actually taken up his temporary abode, at the very house of which Lydia came to wait for the wind, which to her great mortification did not seem likely to become favorable. She however kept herself in her own chamber till she should be summoned to go on board.

Young Mr. Spencer had rode very fast, fearful lest if Lydia was in Whitehaven, which he had little reason to doubt, she might embark on board some ship, and render it impossible to overtake her, as his father had ordered him to stay in Whitehaven till he joined him. This was a circumstance for which he could not account, but he knew his father too well to doubt his having substantial reasons for whatever he did; and he was still more embarrassed to understand the expression in Mr. Spencer's last letter "that a very unexpected occurrence had taken place," but resolved fully to obey the injunctions and wait his father's arrival, to clear up every point.

The day was far advanced when the young gentleman had got to town, but as soon as he got to the inn he was assured that no ship had sailed since Saturday, though one had arrived from Dublin.

As soon as he arose on Tuesday morning he went down to the quay, and enquired amongst the outward bound ships if any young lady had taken a passage and where she was to be called upon. He heard of several, but one in particular, who by report, (for he had not seen her) some what answered the description, and for whom a cabin in a coal ship bound for Dublin, was taken by a Mrs. Stokes, with whom she lodged, young Mr. Spencer was about to seek the house of Mrs. Stokes, when his attention was called towards a ship just coming up to the quay, on the deck of which he saw his father. The old gentleman was glad to see his son there, and on coming ashore applauded his diligent obedience; he then called for a friend he had on board, and they all went to the inn. When a full account was given of the flight of the young lady from Mrs. Tyrrel, the publication of the banns, and the supposition that she was then in the town, and lodging at a Mrs. Stokes's.

Mr. Spencer heard his sons relation with great joy; but his friend who accompanied him was much agitated, tho' he scarce spoke. His hat flapped down, and half his face was hidden by the cape of his great coat being buttoned round it. They all three went to the house of Mrs.

Stokes, where they found a croud about the door and saw an officer forcing a young woman into a post chaise; he told the people that had gathered that she was a young lady who had run away from her aunt who was her guardian, and he was taking her back; which if they had the least doubt they might accompany him to Mrs. Tyrrel. The mayor of the town who happened to be passing by, on hearing the matter, said he knew Mrs. Tyrrel very well, that she was a woman of condition, and therefore he would keep the young lady at his house till he sent to Copeland lodge to enquire the truth. This did not suit the intentions of young Webb (who having discovered Miss Morton in the house, had got a post chaise not to carry her to Mrs. Tyrrel, but to some other place where he could urge his suit) but she refusing to go with him had caused this dispute.

Whilst Mr. Webb and the mayor were contesting, Mr. Spencer, his son, and friend, came up. He immediately knew Lydia, who ran to him, hung upon him, and begged his protection. He commanded the young officer, in a peremptory manner to quit the young lady, and he would accompany her to the mayor's house, Webb asked by what authority he interfered, as he was no relation, nor could contest against the authority of a guardian who was his father's client. Sir, said the muffled gentleman to the mayor—this young fellow contends for the authority of a guardian; but I have a prior and better authority, that of a parent.—I am Sir William Morton, that young lady's father, who has been thought dead, because left long in slavery, by the cruel contrivance of my sister, who by forgery has assumed an authority over my child.—The mayor who had formerly had some dealings with Sir William was overjoyed to find he was alive; and exerting his magisterial power, took them all to his own house.

Here Miss Morton, whose transports at finding her father living was extreme; as soon as she was a little recovered, related all she had undergone from Mrs. Tyrrel; what black designs she had overheard, and how she had escaped with the intent of going to Mr. Spencer.

Sir William then began his narration, and after relating his shipwreck and his hopes of ransom, as have been already related—proceeded:

"I waited some months in anxious expectation of having the money remitted that was to purchase my deliverance, but none coming, and my treatment becoming worse, on that account I abandoned myself to despair. The honest Jew assured me my letters could not have miscarried, as he had received answers to some that went by the same conveyance. I then suspected some treachery had been used, but was bewildered in my thoughts on whom I could fix it. I had known Mr. Spencer too long and too well to doubt his sending the money if he had received my letter. I knew my daughter's affection, and could have no diffidence of my sister. I therefore concluded the ransom had been sent, but the persons to whom it had been delivered had basely converted it to their own use—but how could I trace the villainy, and what remedy could I procure. Just at the time when I was sunk in despair and hopeless of any relief. The moor who was my master fitted out a corsair under the command of his son, and as there were no longer any hopes of my ransom, he put me with sixty-five wretched slaves on board, where we were all chained to the oars.

I now thought my misery would end only with my life, and anxiously waited for my death. We had entered the Mediterranean, and had taken

five prizes from the Spaniards, which were sent into Tangier; when one morning we were chased by a Maltese galley, we tried to escape, but she gained upon us, and her force was so great, that all resistance was in vain, the Moorish corsair was taken and carried into Leghorn where I was released: and being soon recognized by an English merchant there, with whom I had dealt when in business; on hearing my melancholy tale, he furnished me with every necessary, and gave me the means of returning home. I had a good passage and landed in Dublin about a month since.

On my arrival I hastened to Mr. Spencer, who was really overjoyed to see me, as it were risen from the dead. He assured me that he had never received any letter from me, and shewed the letters from the captain's wife which announced our shipwreck and the certainty that I had perished. He told me that Mrs. Tyrrel having administered to the will I had left in his hands, had taken my daughter to England; but he had not had any answer to several letters he had written to her and but seldom heard from my sister. At the mentioning Mrs. Tyrrel's administering to my will, I was thunderstruck. I told him the will I had left with him gave her no authority. We soon perceived that some fraud had been used; and advising with an able lawyer, he procured me a sight of the original will which she had proved, and then the whole villainy became manifest. The counsellor advised me to keep my being alive a secret till we had found my daughter. Mr. Spencer wrote for that purpose to his son, who has so zealously and successfully obeyed his instructions. When we got the address of Mrs. Tyrrel we desired the young gentleman to go to her residence, and when he had got all the intelligence he could, to meet us here, as I was resolved to come here in search of my child if he could not succeed."

In the mean while young Webb, who began to think how he should make the best of a bad bargain, and was no sooner left to himself than he took post and went to Copeland lodge. Mrs. Tyrrel was much surprised at seeing him, but still more so when he related what had passed at Whitehaven. The news that Sir William Morton was arrived, had got possession of his daughter, and was within a few miles of her, struck her with the utmost terror. The whole extent of her guilt flashed in her face, and the prospect before her was terrible and gloomy.—She therefore hastily packed up what was most valuable, and set off that very morning for London, expecting to meet her son on the road, which she did—when they arrived in town she raised what money she could, and immediately embarked with her son for America; but it was since confirmed that the ship foundered in its passage, and they both perished.

Sir William, his daughter, the Spencer's and the mayor arrived at Copeland lodge the next day, but the birds were flown.—He took possession of whatever he found in the lodge, and in searching a bureau, he found the identical will he had made and left with Mr. Spencer, a further confirmation of the villainy. Having disposed of all the effects there, the family returned to Dublin, where Sir William's public appearance reinstated him in his lands and possessions, and, soon after perceiving that Lydia beheld young Mr. Spencer with a favorable eye, and being charmed with his manners and conduct, he joined their hands. Some months after when authentic advice was received of the death of Mrs. Tyrrel and her son—he in his turn administered to her, and gained possession of her estate, which he immediately gave to his daughter and worthy son-in-law.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

V E R S E S

ON MISS C—— W——

WHEN e'er I view this lovely fair,
Adorn'd with heavenly charms;
My bosom burns with soft desire
To fold her in my arms.

Her graceful air and beauteous form,
As if by magic art,
With winning smiles my bosom warm'd
And fir'd my youthful heart.

Her mind with purest virtues stor'd,
Her thoughts express'd with ease,
Her lovely person air and mein,
Do captivate and please.

Ye fair who wish our hearts to gain,
Like her your minds adorn,
And strive, ah! strive to imitate
"This ROSE without a thorn."

Jan. 28th.

EDWARD.



RECIPE

TO SOFTEN THE HARDEST FEMALE HEART.

TAKE a youth that's genteel, no matter for face,

And season him well with an air and a grace;
One grain of sincerity you may bestow,
But enough of assurance you needs must allow,
With flatteries, and sighs, assiduities, fears,
Insignificant smiles, significant leers,
With passion and rapture to give it a zest,
A sprinkling of folly according to taste;
Some pieces of songs, and some spoutings of plays,
And fashion, and frolics, and whimsical ways;
All mix'd well together with art and deceit,
And with nicety dress'd to make him complete,
This med'cine the patient should take ev'ry day,
And the flint in her heart will soon melt away.
Sometimes a few days the complaint may remove,
Sometimes a few weeks ineffectual may prove;
But seldom an instance can any produce
Where this choice PANACEA has fail'd of its use.
The heart that's obdurate when this has been try'd,
Has surely discernment and sense within side,
With the seeds of contempt, which next will appear,

When these symptoms are seen, (which are wond'rous rare),

This med'cine is useless; 'twill ne'er reach that heart,

Which, harden'd by virtue, will baffle all art.



A N E C D O T E.

WHEN Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works were published by Mallet, Dr. Johnson characterised the noble author, and his works, in the following memorable sentence: "Sir, he was a scoundrel, and a coward: a scoundrel, for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death."



SINGULARITY.

IN the island of Ceylon they bestow no title on their king; but from respect, when his subjects speak to him, they part with the qualities of men; as for example, if he asks from whence do you come? they answer, Your dog is come from such a place. If he asks, how many children any one has, he is answered, your dog has had two children, (or whatever the number may be) by your bitch.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 31.

THURSDAY arrived, in 53 days from Bristol, the brig Columbia, Capt. Fitch, who brought papers to the 3d of December—By her we learn that the sluices were opened, and part of Amsterdam were flowed to the second story—The water came in with such unexpected violence, that it occasioned the loss of many lives—The people are exceeding sorry for the precipitate step they took, and it is supposed that Amsterdam will be nearly ruined—and that for 20 years to come, the damages will not be repaired. The Duke of York had left Holland, and was momentarily expected in London. Peace expected soon—no other news of importance.

Maestricht surrendered the 4th November, after a siege which lasted from the 22d September. The Prince of Hesse Cassel commanded. The French forces were commanded by Gen. Kleber.

Nimeguen was taken possession of on the 8th Nov. The evacuation was so precipitate that all the artillery and cannon fell into the hands of the enemy.

A gentleman of this city has received the following from a respectable American house in London, dated the 24th November.

"It will give you pleasure to hear that the treaty of Amity, Navigation and commerce was finally concluded by Mr. Jay, on the 19th inst. the particulars have not transpired."

LONDON, November 18.

In the midst of our present embarrassments it must give great satisfaction to our commercial readers to be informed, that the differences between this country and America are at length finally adjusted. The following are the leading terms of the arrangement:

The posts which have been retained by the British since the last treaty of Peace, are to be restored to the Americans in eighteen months.

A commercial intercourse is to take place between America and the British West-Indies, at a low duty on tonnage.

And the important question whether neutral bottoms make free ships is to be referred to commissioners, who are to make their report at the end of two years.

Nov. 25.—Yesterday arrived the mail from Holland; and also a servant from his royal highness the Duke of York, with dispatches to government. He left the head-quarters at Arnheim on Friday last.

The news received yesterday is of very considerable importance. We learn that a truce has been signed between the Duke of York and the French General, commanding on the Waal, that their troops should not molest each other; and in consequence of this agreement, both armies are preparing to go into winter quarters. The British head-quarters remain at Arnheim; those of the Hereditary Prince of Orange, at Gorcum; and those of his brother, Prince Frederick, at Amerougem, a country seat of Count Athlone.

The news from France is not less interesting; and we find that the moderate party has just obtained another victory over that of terror. The Convention has passed a decree, permitting such emigrants as have not borne arms against the Republic, to return to their possessions in France, and peaceably to re-assume their former professions. This measure is the most striking proof we have yet had of the progress of moderation in that country; and the advancement of the French Revolution towards some sort of regular government.

This decree, added to the suspension of arms which has taken place on the Waal, and some districts on the Rhine, may be considered as an happy omen of returning tranquility.

We understand that Mr. Jay is about to set out from this country to Paris, on business of very great importance to this kingdom, and to all Europe.

S H I P N E W S.

Arrivals since our last.

Ship Elizabeth, ———,	London
Olive-Branch, Clarke,	Amsterdam
Maria, Rich,	Peterburgh
Fair-American, Treadwell,	Madeira
Brig Mary Ann, Dickerty,	Halifax
Schooner Commerce, Livingston,	Norfolk
Rainbow, Weldings,	Richmond

To the Freeholders of the State of New-York.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

IT having been for a considerable time my intention to decline being a candidate at the ensuing election for Governor, I have thought proper to communicate it to you in this public manner, in order that those who might have been disposed to honor me with their suffrages, may have an early opportunity of turning their attention to another person.

To those who know the declining condition of my health, it will be unnecessary to state any reasons for this determination. For nearly thirty years I have been employed without intermission in different elective offices, which, for the greater part of the time, have engrossed my whole attention, and I now find it essential to the re-establishment of my health, and feel myself required by the duties I owe to my family, to withdraw from a station never solicited by me, which I accepted with diffidence, and from which I shall retire with pleasure.

It has been my invariable object to promote and cherish the republican system of government, as well from a sense of duty as from a full conviction that it is the only one calculated for the happiness and dignity of man—that I may have frequently erred in this pursuit I readily admit, and I sincerely wish that my successor, with intentions equally pure, and with the same object in view, may be more successful.

I cannot conclude without expressing to you the warmest emotions of a grateful heart for the repeated and signal proofs of your confidence and affection, and for the efficient aid and support rendered to my administration, as well in the perilous and gloomy scenes of the revolution, as in the auspicious period of peace and rational prosperity.

GEO. CLINTON.

Greenwich, 22d Jan. 1795.

To the Electors of the State of New-York.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

MY advanced age rendering it necessary for the repose of my future years, that I should retire from public life, you will be pleased not to consider me a candidate at the approaching general election.

For the various proofs of confidence and regard with which you have honored me for a long series of years, I return you my cordial thanks: and I trust that if I have ever omitted to manifest a proper sense of your favours, it has never proceeded from design.

That every private blessing may attend you all, and that our country may long be flourishing and happy, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate

Humble servant,

PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT.

New-York, Jan. 24, 1795.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED

On Saturday evening last, at Jamaica, (L.I.) by the Rev. Mr. Faitoute, Mr. RICHARD CREED, to Miss ABIGAIL HENDRICKSON, both of that place.

T H E A T R E.

The Public are respectfully informed, the Comedy of

Every one has his Fault.

And

Harlequin's Animation.

Are unavoidably postponed 'till this EVENING, January 31st, on account of the indisposition of Mrs. HALLAM; by which time Mrs. MARRIOT has kindly undertaken to represent the part of Miss Wooburn.

On MONDAY EVENING, February 2d, Will be Presented, the Popular Opera of the

Haunted Tower.

With the

S U L T A N.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

JUST PUBLISHED,

Price Four Shillings,

And for sale at this Office, and by most of the booksellers in this city, likewise by the author No. 178, William-street,

THE COLUMBIAN MONITOR:

BEING

A PLEASANT AND EASY GUIDE

TO

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE:

CONTAINING,

I. A variety of entertaining and moral Dialogues.

II. Religious Dialogues.

III. A short and easy introduction to English Grammar.

IV. A variety of useful and entertaining Letters most of which are original, together with several precedents of complimentary Cards.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Miscellany of very useful Rules for genteel Behavior, and a polite Address, &c.

By DONALD FRASER,

Author of the Young Gentleman and Lady's Assistant.

T O B E S O L D,

A Lot of Ground pleasantly situated in Catherine-street, No. 71, fronting Rutgers-street, near the New-Market; the Lot is 22 feet in front, and 80 feet deep, with a two story back building lately built, with a cellar under the same: Also the rear and side wall of the forepart of the lot carried up ready to raise a frame upon. For further particulars enquire of the subscriber who will give an indisputable title for the same.

ABIGAIL TITUS.

New-York, Jan. 30, 1795.

51—3t.

WANTED in a small family, (where the work is light) a Young Woman of good character, and who can bring good recommendations.—Enquire of the Printer.

48 15

Court of Apollo.

ROW, DOW, DOW.
A FAVORITE SONG.

ON Entick's green meadows where innocence reigns,
Where pleasure sports freely and plenty preside;
I romp'd with the maidens and pretty young swains,

And Ralph fancy'd soon he'd call me his bride.
When I first heard the drum with a row, dow, dow,
With a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow,
Its music was sweeter than soft serenade;
I scorn'd all the swains for the row, dow, dow,
I scorn'd, &c.

For the row, dow, dow, for the row, dow, dow;
And I sigh'd for the Captain with a smart cockade.

The first time I saw him he march'd o'er our green,
His men all behind him by two and by two,
Such a sight in our village had never been seen,
The men all in ranks were drawn up to review.
When I first heard the drum, &c.

Young Cupid awaken'd, such a bustle he made,
My heart beat a march, with a row, dow, dow,
And went o'er to the Captain with a smart cockade.

My face took his fancy, he swore at my feet
All his laurels he'd lay, if I'd give him my hand,
No maid could refuse a young lover so sweet,
'To church then I march'd at the word of command.

Now I follow the drum, with a row, dow, dow,
Nor e'er have repented the vow that I made;
No music to me is like the row, dow, dow,
No youth like the Captain with a smart cockade.

A N E C D O T E.

WHEN degrees were held in higher estimation, and therefore more coveted than at present, Dr. Pitcairn then in Edinburgh, in order to affront a Dutch university, where he himself had been graduated, and degrees had been much prostituted, sent for a diploma for his valet; which being granted, he sent for another to his horse; to which last request the Rector Magnificus replied, "That, with a view to oblige him, they had consulted their records for a precedent, but that they could not find one; though under the name of PITCAIRN it appeared, the university had ONCE conferred an HONORARY degree on an ASS."

UNITED STATES LOTTERY, For the improvement of the City of WASHINGTON,

WILL commence drawing in a few days: Tickets may be had by applying at D. DUNHAM'S Store, No. 26, Moore-Street, near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York; where Tickets in the last and present Lottery will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

And a scheme of the Patterfon Lottery for establishing useful Manufactures, may be seen by applying as above.

N. B. Specie given for Jersey Money. 41—tf

BREAD KEGS.

BREAD KEGS of different sizes, made and sold at No. 431, Pearl-street, where bakers, grocers and others may be supplied at short notice, and on reasonable terms for cash. 1y.

May 22 1794. WILLIAM CARGILL.

N. B. An APPRENTICE wanted to the above Business.

WHEREAS John Christopher Ehninger of the city of New-York, distiller, for the securing the payment of two hundred and thirty-three pounds sixteen shillings, current money of New-York, with lawful interest for the same, on or before the thirtieth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine; according to the condition of a certain bond or obligation, bearing date the thirtieth of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty eight; and executed by the said John Christopher Ehninger, unto Jacob Watson, of the said city, merchant; did by Indenture, bearing even date with the said Bond; Mortgage to the said Jacob Watson, in fee all that certain lot or parcel of ground situate, lying and being in the outward of the city of New-York, near the fresh water; and known and distinguished in a certain map or chart thereof, made by Evert Banker, jun. among other lots, by the number one hundred and seventeen, bounded northerly by in front by Cross-street, southerly in the rear by lot one hundred and twelve, late of John Kingston, easterly by lots numbered from one hundred and six to one hundred and eleven, late of Michael Hufnagle; and westerly by lot number one hundred and eighteen, belonging to the said John Christopher Ehninger, containing in front and rear twenty-five feet, and in length on each side, one hundred and fifty feet; together with all and singular the buildings, edifices, easements, rights, members, advantages, hereditaments and appurtenances whatsoever to the said premises belonging or any wise appertaining.

AND whereas the said John Christopher Ehninger, and Catharine his wife, for securing the payment of two hundred and forty-three pounds thirteen shillings and three pence, current money of New-York, with lawful interest, according to the condition of a certain Bond or Obligation, bearing date the 31st. day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine; and executed by the said John Christopher Ehninger, unto the said Jacob Watson, of the said city, merchant; did by Indenture, bearing date the said thirty-first day of October, in the year aforesaid; Mortgage to the said Jacob Watson, in fee, all that certain dwelling house and two lots or parcels of ground, situate, lying and being in the out ward of the city of New-York, near the fresh water; bounded easterly by ground late of Michael Hufnagle, southerly by ground late of John Kingston, westerly by lot number 119, late belonging to the said John Kingston, and northerly by Cross-street, containing in breadth in front and rear 50 feet, and in length on each side 150 feet; together, with all and singular the rights, members and appurtenances to the same belonging or any wise appertaining.

AND, whereas the said John Christophe Ehninger and Catherine his wife, for securing the payment of One Hundred and fifty-seven pounds fifteen shillings and seven pence of like money with lawful interest according to the condition of a certain bond or obligation bearing date the ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety-One, and executed by the said John Christopher Ehninger unto Oliver Hull and John Hull, of the said city, Druggists, did by Indenture, bearing date the ninth day of December, in the year aforesaid, mortgage to the said Oliver Hull and John Hull, the same dwelling house and two Lots of ground, herein before mentioned and described. And whereas the said Oliver Hull and John Hull, in, and by a certain Instrument in writing indorse on the said last mentioned mortgage, did, for the consideration therein mentioned, bargain, sell,

assign, and set over the said last mentioned bond and mortgage unto the said Jacob Watson. And whereas in and by the said three Indentures, it was covenanted and agreed that in case default should be made in the payment of the said sums of money, in the conditions of the said three bonds mentioned, then it should, and might be lawful to, and for the said Jacob Watson and the said Oliver Hull and John Hull their Heirs and assigns at any time thereafter to sell the said premises at public sale, agreeable to a Law of the state of New-York, and out of the said money arising from such sale to retain the said three sums of money with the interest, together with the costs and charges of such sale, rendering the overplus, if any to the said John Christopher Ehninger, his Heirs, Executors, or administrators, which sale should for ever thereafter be a perpetual bar in law or equity against the said John Christopher Ehninger, his heirs and assigns; and all persons claiming under him of all equity, of all redemption of, in and to the said premises. AND Whereas the said three sums of money and the interest thereof are now due, and owing to the said Jacob Watson. This is therefore to give Notice to the said John Christopher Ehninger, and Catharine his wife; and all other persons concerned, that unless the said sums of money, together with the interest due thereon as aforesaid, are paid, discharged, and satisfied on or before the 19th day of June next ensuing the date hereof. All and singular the Mortgaged premises aforesaid, will be sold at Public Vendue at the Tontine Coffee-House, in the city of New-York, on the said 19th day of June next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to the the covenants and agreements in the said Indentures of Mortgages contained, and the directions of the statute in such cases made and provided. Dated the 13th of December, 1794. 44. 6m.

N O T I C E.

BY order of Benjamin Coe, Esquire, first judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Queens-County, in the state of New-York.

NOTICE is hereby given to John Van Lew, late of Flushing, in the County of Queens, and State of New-York, an absent debtor, and all others whom it may concern, that, on application and due proof made to him, the said Judge, pursuant to the directions of the Law of the State of New-York, entitled, "An act for relief against absconding and absent debtors;" passed the 4th day of April, in the year 1786, He hath directed all the Estate, real and personal, within the County of Queens, of the said John Van Lew, an absent debtor, to be seized, and that unless, the said John Van Lew doth discharge his debts within one year after this Public Notice of such seizure all his Estate, real and personal, will be sold for the payment and satisfaction of his creditors.

Queens-County, March 22, 1794. 1y.

C A S T E L L I, Italian Stay Maker.

No. 134, Broad-Way, opposite the City Tavern, RETURNS his sincere thanks to the Ladies of this city, for the great encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors by due attention, and the strictest punctuality. He continues to make all sorts of stays, Italian shapes, French corset, English stays, silk turn stays, suckling stays, riding stays in the most elegant and newest fashions.

N. B. He has a neat assortment of stays ready made, and ladies may be served in less than ten minutes. He has also received by the last vessel from London, an elegant assortment of goods suitable to his business. Nov. 22. 41—tf